

Miscellaneous.

DON'T BURY ME DEEP.

(It is said that the following touching lines were inspired by an actual occurrence. Years ago there lived in Towanda, New York State, a beautiful girl called Mary Means. Colonel Means was her father. He was a widower, and when his child began to gradually sink under the effect of the remorseless disease of consumption, he spent much of his time at her bedside. Her female companions made the situation comfortable. She passed away as easily as possible. She made one request, and oft repeated it to her father in the presence of friends, and in the silent watch of him whose heart was bursting with anguish. It was "Don't Bury me Deep, Papa.")

Lift me a bit in my bed, father,
Press your warm lips to my cheek;
Put your arm under my head, father—
I am so tired and weak.
I can not stay long awake now—
Many a night I shall sleep.
Promise one thing for my sake, now—
Don't let them bury me deep!

Cover my head with flowers, father,
Those I so well loved to see.
So in the long lonely hours, father,
They'll be companions for me.
If I should wake in the night, then
Their lips my sad face would sweep,
Make my grave cheerful and bright, then
Don't let them bury me deep!

When to the church you all go, father,
At the sweet Sunday bell's tone,
I shall be dreary you know, father,
Lying out there all alone.
Hang my bird near in the tree then—
Watch over me he will keep;
He will sing sweet hymns to me, then—
Don't let them bury me deep!

Call on me when'er you pass, father,
Where by your side I oft ran;
Put your face down on the grass, father,
Near to my own as you can.
If I could look up and hear you,
Into your warm arms I would creep;
Let me sometimes nestle near you—
Don't let them bury me deep!

Look! who has come for me now, father,
Standing near to my bed!
Some one is kissing my brow, father—
Mamma, I thought you were dead!
See, she is smiling bright to you,
Beckons for you not to weep,
'Tis not good-bye, but good night, to you—
They cannot bury me deep!

Will Carl.

A CITY IN THE AIR.

Ninety miles west of Albuquerque, in New Mexico, is perhaps the most remarkable town in the United States. It is the pueblo of the Acomas, placed on a butte 400 feet above the valley. In inaccessibility it has for three centuries been a Gibraltar of safety to the Acomas. A correspondent of the *Lawrence Journal* thus describes the ascent:

"There are two means of ascent, one by a flight of steps cut into the wall and rising at an angle of forty-three degrees, and the other by a fissure in the rocks leading up into the mountain. Both

ways have been trodden by hundreds of feet until the steps are hollow troughs. Either one is exceedingly difficult, and neither is tolerably safe. We chose the one along the fissure.

"With all the danger and fatigue, it is a laughable sight to see a person—some other person—make the ascent. One has to stride over the fissure, one foot on the right-hand side and the other on the left, and at the same time press the hands alternate against the rocks for support. An Indian will throw a live sheep around his neck and go up quite rapidly without touching either hand to the rocks; but I am satisfied I could never do it.

"They told us of a pathetic incident that occurred on the outer stairway several generations ago. Several men started up, each with a sheep on his back. When nearly to the top the sheep carried by the foremost man became restless, and the shepherd in trying to hold it fast lost his footing, and in falling swept his companions over the precipice, and they all fell on the rocks at the foot in a lifeless heap. The Indians have carved a representation of the accident on a rock near where it occurred, which scarcely serves to steady the nerves of those who go by that route.

"The top of the elevation is level, and contains an area of sixty or seventy acres. At one side stands the pueblo, a blunt pyramid of adobe and stone honeycombed with rooms; at the other the church and graveyard, and near the centre a pond of pure water thirty feet in depth and several yards in extent.

"The priest was made acquainted with the object of our visit, and the ringing of the church bell brought the inhabitants of the village around us. When they understood that the title to their lands was in question and we had come to take testimony, they showed great interest, and discussed the various points involved with remarkable intelligence, considering their limited opportunities for a knowledge of law. As nightfall came on a number of the men who had been at work in the valley came up, bringing delicious peaches and grapes, which we were glad to accept, in view of the meager preparations for supper. We slept in the church, wrapped up in our Navajo blankets, and never felt more secure or happier in our lives.

"When the gray dawn peered through the little mica window-panes it revealed great roof beams more than a foot in diameter and thirty or forty feet long, and through the open tower a bell that was cast in 1710. How these immense timbers and this bell were brought up to the top of this cliff no one living knows. The Indians shake their heads and the priest shakes his, but no one ventures an opinion. The timbers are there, however, as witnesses and morning and night, as the seasons come and go and generations pass away, the bell speaks for itself in the silvery tones that pleased its founder in far-off Spain when King George was on the throne. The adobe—or the earth of which they were made—were brought up from the valley also, for the top of the butte was a bald rock in the beginning. And the earth for the graves came the same way, requiring forty years, the priest said, to complete the graveyard. It is the only completed graveyard I have ever seen. The old priest seemed very happy in the charge of his flock, and his flock seemed happy in possession of him."

A BORE DEFEATED BY THE IRON DUKE.

A writer in "Harper's" tells a good story of the way in which the Duke of Wellington put to ignominious flight a most pertinacious bore who had invented a bullet-proof cuirass upon which he claimed that the safety of the British army depended, and which he carried about with him and exhibited at all times and in all places:—

"Had this been all, he would soon have been disposed of; but, unluckily, he had contrived to interest in his invention one or two